

OLD FRONTIER GUARD

Incident of Civil War Recalled by Gen. Gordon.

COMPANY RAISED IN KANSAS

It Was Brought Here and Quarters in the White House for the Protection of the President—Gen. Gordon's Discharge Lost in "Frisco Quake," but a Duplicate Is Found.

From the Topeka Journal.

Brig. Gen. David S. Gordon, who is generally conceded to be the only survivor of the historic "Frontier Guard," is in Topeka, and although in his seventy-fifth year, and retired from active service in the United States army for the past eleven years, a lame man with a glass eye could see plainly that he was not retired for disability.

Gen. Gordon, although his hair is white, shows none of the usual symptoms of old age. His carriage could have been no more erect, without a backward tilt in 1861, when he was first sergeant in Jim Lane's "Frontier Guard," who held a unique position in the history of the United States.

Gen. Gordon came to Topeka with his wife on account of the last illness of Mrs. Rebecca Hughes, Mrs. Gordon's mother, who died at her home, 122 Clay street, last week. Gen. and Mrs. Gordon will go to Washington, D. C., their home since he was retired eleven years ago.

When "Gene" was Commissioner of Pensions in Washington, he lived near Gen. Gordon, and became well acquainted with him, and when he learned that his friend was in Topeka a few days ago he hastened to renew the acquaintance. In the course of their conversation, Gen. Gordon learned that while in San Francisco, attending the wedding of his daughter, a certain earthquake came along and caused the destruction by fire of the Gordon household gods, and the general mentioned as one of his severest losses the destruction of his discharge from Lane's "Frontier Guard." All documents pertaining to military honors won since that memorable occasion, when a band of fighting Kansans took it upon themselves to protect their president, were lost at the same time, but Gen. Gordon seemed to have the loss of that particular document worst of all.

While discussing the loss, Mr. Ware suddenly rose up with a war whoop and said: "Duplicate Copy of Discharge."

"General, I can't restore your lost document, but I can do the next best. I can give you an exact copy of it—word for word."

Thereupon "Franklin" rushed to his office, divined into his private safe, and pulled out a faded document—the exact counterpart of the one lost by Gen. Gordon, except that it bore the name of Second Sgt. Holsinger instead of First Sgt. Gordon. He had a typewritten copy made of the discharge, inserting the name of his friend, the original name of the soldier, and in every way making the document appear to be the original. This copy he delivered to Gen. Gordon, who was exceedingly glad to get it.

Judge Ware came by the Holsinger discharge several years ago, upon the death of the owner, who knew that Ware wanted it for its historic value, and would let it to him.

This is the document, or rather, the type-written copy, with Gen. Gordon's name inserted.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

(Picture of White House.)

Headquarters Frontier Guard, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1861.

To Hon. S. Cameron, Secretary of War.

Sir: In consequence of the arrival of large numbers of troops in this city, I am satisfied the emergency has ceased that called our company into service.

If you concur in this opinion, I should be pleased to receive authority from you to disband the company, and to honorably discharge the members thereof from the service.

Very truly,

J. H. LANE, Captain, Command.

War Department, April 27, 1861.

Gen. James H. Lane.

Sir: In reply to your letter of this day's date, stating that, in consequence of the arrival of large numbers of troops in this city, the emergency has ceased that called our company into service, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to inform you that the company is hereby disbanded, and the members thereof are honorably discharged from the service.

Very respectfully,

SIMON CAMERON.

Chiefly approved.

A. LINCOLN.

By authority vested in me as captain of the Frontier Guard, I, James H. Lane, do hereby certify that David S. Gordon, First Sergeant, a member of said company, served his company in defense of the national capital at a time of great peril when threatened by hostile forces, said service commencing on the eighteenth day of April, 1861, and ending on the day hereof.

I also, by virtue of said authority, do hereby honorably discharge said David S. Gordon from the service of the United States.

Given under my hand at Washington, D. C., this day of May, 1861.

J. H. LANE, Captain.

Attest: L. B. STOCKTON, Second Lieutenant.

History of Frontier Guard.

A part of the interesting history of Gen. Gordon was secured from Judge Ware, and the general delivered the story of the "Frontier Guard" and a pair of choice cigars, when interviewed by a State Journal reporter at his hotel.

The Frontier Guard was the result of the rumors of war and section which arose in 1861, said Gen. Gordon. "Senator Lane called a meeting at the old White House in Leavenworth, and announced the fact that an emergency case was before us, and that the traitors around Washington were liable to assassinate our President and destroy the government buildings. The loyal citizens who heard him immediately organized a company, elected Lane captain, and lost no time in rushing to Washington. I was city auditor of Leavenworth at the time, and the company was composed almost entirely of Kansas men, although several loyal citizens of Indiana and other States joined our ranks as we met in Washington. The late Judge Mark Delahaye was elected first lieutenant, and Joe Stockton, afterward a regular army officer, second lieutenant. I was first sergeant, and I had the honor of calling the first roll of the company when we assembled in the historic East Room of the White House, April 18, 1861. We were quartered in the White House, and, as Secretary of State John Hay said in his 'Memoirs of Lincoln,' no soldiers of history ever occupied more luxurious quarters.

In Luxurious Quarters.

"We camped in these luxurious quarters until the arrival of the troops, the first being New York 100-day regiments, among them the Sixty-ninth Volunteers. While waiting for the troops we guarded the White House and other government buildings, and although we were on duty but nine days, our guard of honor faithfully performed its duties.

"There were some noted men in that band, I remember Marcus J. Parrot, Thomas Ewing, who was then a young

lawyer in Leavenworth, but later a general in the Union army, and Senator Pomeroy. There were distinguished gentlemen from other States—a few of them—and I remember an amusing incident in connection with one of them, Judge Lieve, of Pottersville, Pa. The judge was a portly man, but as patriotic as they are made, and he joined the guard in Washington. It was my duty, as first sergeant, to equip the men, but when I assembled them in the East Room and fixed them up with weapons and accoutrements secured from the arsenal, I could not find a belt which would span the portly judge. We finally compromised by piecing out a cartridge belt with shoe strings."

The frontier guard received no pay, and wanted none. It held the same status among military organizations as the "Knights of the Golden Fleece" of ancient England, who were organized to quell the king, and protect the sovereign. Gen. Gordon, regardless of the military honors earned and received since then, may be justly proud of his connection with the historic Jim Lane company of patriots.

Service in Civil War.

Although he was born on an estate in Franklin County, Pa., which had belonged to his grandfather on a patent issued to him by William Penn, and has been an officer of the United States army nearly half a century, Gen. Gordon claims Kansas as his home. He was credited to Kansas instead of Pennsylvania when he received his first commission in the regular army, as the Second dragoon, and later the Second cavalry, where he served continuously for thirty-two years and received all his promotions.

Gen. Gordon saw plenty of service during the Civil war. With General—then Lieutenant—Tompkins, of Gen. Scott's command, he made the first assault on Fairfax, Va., June 1, 1861. Later he was aide de camp to Gen. Keyes, and at Bull Run he was captured by the enemy and held prisoner thirteen months at Castle Pinckney, Charleston Harbor, Libby, and several other filthy rebel prisons. After the war of the Rebellion he participated in numerous Indian campaigns in Arizona and New Mexico, and in the latter part of the war he was in command of the Sixth United States cavalry.

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THE COUNTERSTROKE

—BY—
AMBROSE PRATT,
AUTHOR OF "VIGOROUS DAUNT, BILLIONAIRE."

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

One woman, bolder than the rest, made a vicious lunge at Cressingham, but he caught her wrist and shouted out: "Fools, we are English!"

The word was like a talisman. The knives vanished as quickly as they had been drawn, and a storm of "Vivas" and "Viva Ingles!" rent the air on instant.

The woman seized with remorse, she wrinkled her face as she threw her arms round Cressingham and kissed him violently on both cheeks. He gasped and struggled, but quite in vain, and the belated and hurriedly she had come, yelling like a demon and fortunately taking the other with her.

"It looks like a revolution!" panted Oeljen.

"No fear of that," said Cressingham; "the military are too strong; but the spirit of revolt is loose. There will be blood split to-night I think."

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to the wharves, which they found completely deserted. Boats there were in plenty, but no boatmen. They wandered up and down for half an hour, when there arrived a steam launch flying American colors, to the commander of which they made known their predicament. He proved to be the purser of the Yosemite, a large steamer at anchor in the bay, and who immediately ordered his sailors to take the friends off to the Sea Hawk, and return for him. Twenty minutes afterward they stepped on board Mr. Perigord's yacht, and to their astonishment were greeted by Mr. Perigord himself, who it seemed had been for some time anxiously expecting them. He led them at once to the saloon, where they found Cardinal Carnot seated before a desk of Seltzer which he had already severely punished.

The cardinal had insisted on visiting the yacht in order to hear Cressingham repeat the main points of his story in proper person, and this the young man was obliged to do, and subsequently submit to a cross-examination which for rigor and detail would have disgraced a leader of the bar.

The cardinal was a fleshy man of fifty-five, but so marvelously well preserved that he appeared to be much younger. He possessed a most winning manner, and complete control of a very charming smile. So well did he know how to bear himself that, although his mind was cynical, and it was patent that he found it hard to make himself believe all that he heard, no exception might be taken to his courteous phrases and double questions. His eyes were large and dark, but very cold and hard. He seemed to regard the whole world from the standpoint of suspicion, and his remarks were often full of sarcasm, which he did not attempt to restrain, but which he half annulled by the confident and careless suggestion of the smile which accompanied his words. He imparted the idea of a man who could not refrain from the utterance of bitter speeches, but who recoiled from their effect; a man wishful to give himself the pleasure of hurting others, but anxious to disarm the bludgeoning of his master's hand, and perhaps a return in kind. That he knew well the art of dealing with men was soon evident, for Cressingham's disposition was impatient and his perceptions sharp, and yet the young man was always so gently and so kindly that he seemed to be a puppet in his master's hand, and he felt his treatment, and resented it, but he found it impossible to grasp a single definite cause of offense or display real hostility, and at once prompt to feel his palms against the cards.

The inquisition lasted hours, but at last the cardinal was satisfied, and said so in a manner so friendly and with language so full of delectable chosen flatness, that Cressingham was constrained to feel pleased in spite of the fact that he was being inquisited, and to pay tribute, however grudgingly, to the peculiar talents of his inquisitor.

Oeljen then related the history of the evening, and the cardinal listened with an amused smile, and at once promised to set about securing a restitution of their property. He recognized the robber from the description given, and he was a good Catholic, and a good worker, half Italian, half English, and had for many years led a dissipated life, and who was probably a nihilist. He declared, however, that the fellow was a good Catholic, and had many redeeming points about him, and he advised Oeljen to pay strict attention to the warning which had been given him.

Perigord, who had been absent throughout the evening, at this moment entered the cabin, and placed in Cressingham's hands the jewels which he had brought from the island of Attala.

The young man regarded the treasures with much amazement. "They're real, aren't they, you know," he said.

The cardinal smiled, eyeing him keenly. "Whose, then, are they?" he inquired, his voice soft as silk.

"Well, your eminence," Cressingham replied, the subtle smile with which he was regarded.

"What do you propose to do with them? Restore them to the count?"

"Perhaps your eminence would be so kind as to advise me."

The cardinal shrugged his shoulders. "I should prefer you to determine the matter for yourself."

Cressingham looked him straight in the eyes. "Very well; I give them to your eminence to sell, and distribute the proceeds among the poor of this island."

The cardinal got to his feet and smiled again, but this time his smile was really kind, and his eyes were soft and luminous. "Well said, my son," he murmured; "I shall accept the trust."

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jen, are a Catholic; listen, then, to me. You, my Lord Francis Cressingham, are of another faith, but what I am about to say should not offend